

London PORTER.

A P O E M.

By N. W I T H Y, the wandering Bard.



To which is now Added,

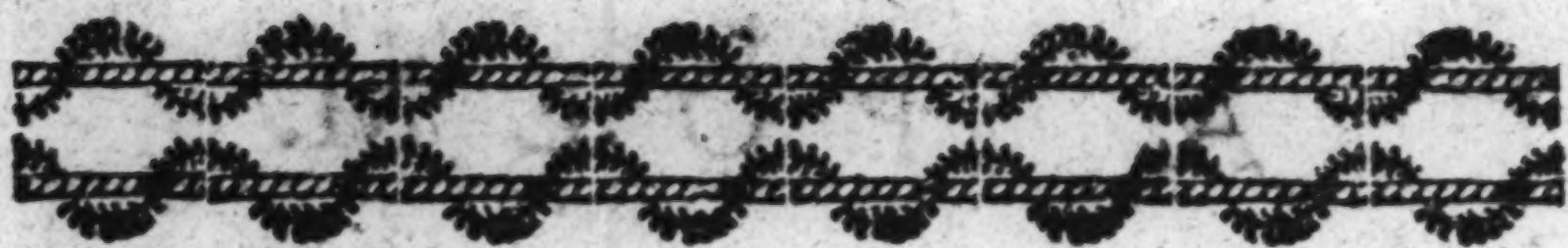
T H E MULTIPLICATION T A B L E.



L O N D O N :

Printed for the A U T H O R,

M D C C C X.



TO THE
READER.

WHEN Poverty compels the Rustic
BARD,

To sing or weep, Because the Times are
hard,

'Tis hoped the learned Critic, great and wise,
Will turn aside his penetrating Eyes,
And think it nobler far to overlook,
Than to condemn, my little trifling Book.
The Paths of Fame I leave for him to soar,
While I my Table sing, from Door to Door,
In humble strain, yet as the Moments fly
At the same Instant, sing and multiply;
Regardless of Pedantic Scoffs and Frowns,
Through rural Plains and Corporation
Towns:

My Muse is gentle, yet not prone to Vice,
My Book's compact, and THREE-HALF-
PENCE is the Price.

London



London PORTER.

A S O N G.

BE silent all ye muses shy,
On top of Mount Parnassus,
No longer on you I'll rely,

Nor put no faith in Bacchus;
There was no porter at the time
That bully us'd to Hector,
But now you see, as well as me,
Tis preferable to nectar.

See how it smiles upon the top,
Venus had no such beauty,
Tis flavour'd nicely with the hop,
To drink it is my duty;
It turns the most obdurate wretch,
Whom you would deem quite stupid,
To love the condescending fair,
And wounds more hearts than Cupid.

Could I but metamorphose things,
By secret magic power,
I'd fix myself upon the wharf,
Right opposite the Tower;
The Thames I would to porter turn,
The ships to mighty barrels,
That we might swill, and drink and fill,
And shun all future quarrels.

The scullers and saltwarer men,
 Shou'd serve me without charges,
 Their little boats to kegs I'd turn
 Make hogsheds of their barges;
 Then lay in store along the shore.
 That widows, wives, and fages,
 Might have enough of this good stuff,
 To serve through future ages.

No fly exciseman shuo'd draw near,
 With his unhallow'd measure,
 Nor dare to dip his dirty stick
 In such delicious treasure;
 If he'd begin we'd shoot him in,
 Like arrow from a quiver,
 From off the brink then let him sink,
 To th' bottom of the river.

But since I find this cannot be,
 I'd wish to be a brewer,
 Surrounded by a thousand butts,
 Quite full and made secure;
 On Bacchus then I'd look with scorn,
 And all such vain alliance,
 I'd drink the drunken German dead,
 And bid the Dutch defiance.

A gin drinker I quite detest,
 She's worse than Mistan Shandy,
 And so is she who pawns her vest,
 For either rum or brandy;
 She's three parts dead before she's wed,
 So never court her
 That will not suck, as well as you,
 At a full pot of porter.

It makes the landlord very fat,
 Tis better far than jelly
 As you may see, by looking at
 His corporation belly;
 See how his guts jut out before,
 Whilst we are his supporter,
 But they would flag, like empty bag,
 If not supply'd with porter.

It makes the chairmen step alert.
 Thro' alleys, lanes, and cloisters,
 I knew it clear a female's voice
 Who us'd to deal in oysters;
 As she past by, her melody,
 So Musical and mellow,
 Made me to stare like a March hare,
 Or sheep fac'd country fellow.

I ask'd her if she'd drink a pot,
 For I'd a mind to court her,
 I said my dear let's step in here,
 They sell delicious porter;
 She gave consent, so in we went,
 And strait sat down to guzzle,
 You'd smile to see, how willingly,
 She liquify'd her muzzle.

What we did there I dare not write,
 For fear the world should chide her,
 She wink'd and twink'd and then she drink'd
 While I sat close beside her;
 She was not shy, neither was I,
 Nor need I to compel her,
 Like a free heart she drank her part,
 And swore she'd drain the cellar.

It paints the pious parson's face,
 Tho' he's a man in orders,
 It beats the doctor's recipe,
 In many cold disorders;
 It comforts and revives the heart,
 And fills the mind with vigour,
 No city can like London boast
 Of such delicious liquor.

So here's a health to George our King,
 To Prince, Duke, Lord, and Squire,
 I think my jorum is not full,
 Fill it a little higher;
 See where it goes beneath my nose,
 And gargles down my guggle,
 So whilst we sing God save the King.
 Let's wash away all trouble,

THE Multiplication Table,

In a SONG.

Three threes are nine, three fours are twelve;
 Three fives are fifteen sure,
 And three times six are just eighteen,
 And wants two of a score;
 Seven times three makes twenty one,
 Three eights just twenty four,
 And three times nine are twenty-seven,
 Indeed it is no more.

Four

Four fours were sixteen pretty girls
 Who liv'd near Hagly Park,
 And four times five were twenty blades,
 Who met them in the dark;
 Four times six were twenty-four
 Of women old and grey,
 And four times seven were twenty-eight
 Of maids that went astray.

Now four times eight is thirty-two,
 Four times nine is thirty-six,
 Five times five were twenty-five,
 Inclined to knavish tricks;
 And five times six were thirty boys,
 Who lost their time at play,
 And five times seven were thirty-five
 Of farmers cloth'd in grey,

So five times eight were forty Scots,
 Who came from Aberdeen,
 And five times nine were forty five,
 Which gave them all the spleen;
 Six times six were thirty-six
 Fine ladies all in blue,
 And all must own that seven times six
 Will make but forty-two.

Now six times eight were forty-eight
 Of famous London dames,
 And six time nine were fifty-four
 Who durst not tell their names;
 Seven times seven were forty-nine
 Stout sailors, bold and true,
 And seven times eight were fifty-six
 Belonging to the crew.

Now

Now seven times nine is sixty-three,
 According to this rule,
 And eight times eight were sixty-four
 Who flay'd away from school;
 And eight times nine were seventy-two
 That from it would not flay,
 But nine times nine were eighty-one
 Who did not like to pay.

So now, brave boys, with cheerful mind,
 Let ev'ry one take care
 To add, subtract, and multiply,
 And the dividend to share;
 The quotient properly to place,
 And give each man his due,
 Which, by the divisor multiply'd,
 Will prove if all is true.



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F I N I S

